

upon the right track. The great majority of children will cleave to their story books and become too much enamored with fiction, to relish any thing else, unless they are led up into a higher and clearer region, at the right time.

If you wish your children to love history, take your map and sit down with them as before. They will first want to know something about their own country—its discovery, its aboriginal inhabitants, its extent, its settlement, its mountains, rivers and lakes, its present condition, population, cities, &c. By selecting a good history, stopping now and then to explain, to point out places upon the map and to answer questions, you will find it extremely easy to gain their attention, and make them regard as a privilege, what they at first, perhaps, looked forward to as a task. When you have kept them long enough upon America, you can take up the history of England; and so proceed from country to country, and travel back to the beginning of time. The histories of Greece and Rome and Carthage and Egypt, will interest them exceedingly; and so, in fact, will all others, whether ancient or modern; if they are drawn up in a pleasing style, and are read with the help of good maps, and in the presence of a listening and delighted parent. Neither voyages, travels, nor history, should ever be read in the family without maps. If they are not used for a considerable time at least, half the pleasure and more than half the profit is lost; and good atlases are now so cheap, that a little saving will enable almost any family to purchase them. The more time you can devote to the historical reading of your children, and indeed to all their reading, the better. They will love you the more; and the more they love you, the better will they love such books as you recommend.

As they advance in age and in their education, the best English Essayists and other models of fine writing, should be put into their hands; and from these, as their powers are more fully developed and unfolded, towards the close of their minority, they may proceed to more abstruse works, in the various departments of education, government, political economy and intellectual and moral philosophy.

But here I may be asked, who is to take that important lead and direction in family reading, which I have above insisted on? Is the father to do it alone, or is the mother to do it, or should they co-operate in this, as well as every other branch of home education? Certainly they should co-operate.—Where both are living, the whole duty, (or privilege, rather) devolves upon neither.—Which shall do the most, depends upon circumstances. Sometimes one and sometimes the other, will have the most leisure. It does not follow, by any means, because the mother is always at home, and the father necessarily much abroad, that she is to do all and he nothing, in any branch of education. I know well, how impossible it is for professional men to command their time; and that various branches of business leave men but little time to spend with their families. But I am free to confess, that we might all find more time to read with our children, and to help their mothers in training them up for both worlds, than we do.—And as to the great majority of fathers in this country, they have a vast deal of leisure, especially in the long winter evenings, which they might devote to useful reading with their children, and thus continually add to their own stock of knowledge, at the same time that they would be imparting and enjoying the highest domestic happiness by their fire-sides. How much do a large class of intelligent and excellent fathers lose, by spending so many of their evenings abroad, or if they do not absolutely lose the time, how much less do they enjoy and gain, than they might by staying at home, and how much do their children lose by their absence. What an amount of most interesting and useful knowledge might they accumulate in half a dozen years simply, by the help of such a series of volumes as Harper's Family Library. And is there, can there be any purer earthly felicity, than virtuous parents experience, in the society of their children, and in leading them on in paths of intellectual, moral and religious improvement.

LEGISLATURE OF VIRGINIA.—On the 8th of January, a petition was presented in the Virginia House of Assembly, from sundry citizens of Petersburg, praying that the Hustings' Court of that city may be allowed to permit colored preachers to perform funeral services at the burial of those of their own color. It was remarked by the gentleman who presented the memorial, that at present, many of the colored people are deprived of Christian burial, no white clergyman being obtainable, and this was revolting to Christian feeling, &c. The petition was referred.

JAN. 10. There was presented the petition of Emma, a woman of color, "to be relieved from the claim of the Literary Fund;" i.e., as we suppose, from the liability to be sold for the benefit of said fund.

11. A petition of sundry citizens of Harrison county, that Rachel, a woman of color, "may be permitted to remain in the Commonwealth." Also, a petition that Henry, a man of color, may be allowed to remain.

15. On report of committee, both these petitions last named, were rejected!—although prayed for by the white citizens. And yet Virginia complains that she loses so many of her people.

ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION.—The Nashville Whig records the sixth fatal affray in that vicinity for 1838. On the 25th ult. a row commenced in a grocery store in the town of Sparta, in which a number of persons were engaged, and which resulted in the death of a young man—by the name of Brown—of the parties. Brown, this hapless victim to a grocery shop quarrel occasioned by rum—it is represented to have left a wife and several children.

James Hooker committed suicide on Monday, 178 Christopher street, by shooting himself.—N. Y. paper.

Wilmington, Del., Feb. 1st, 1839.

To the Editor of the Christian Reflector.

Dear Brother: You doubtless remember the remarkable confession of Rev. R. J. Brackenridge, of Baltimore, that "THE LITERATURE OF THE WORLD IS ALL AGAINST SLAVERY." I have lately met with a proof of this truth, which to me is new and striking. By your permission, I will give it to the readers of the Reflector.

On entering the Athenaeum Reading Room in this city a few days since, I was much struck with a large engraving of a black man in arms, which met my eye in that popular work, "The Penny Magazine of the Society for the Diffusion of useful knowledge." Glancing at it more minutely, I found it to accompany an able article, entitled, "Account of Toussaint L'Overture," and under the commanding picture was the following inscription: "Toussaint L'Overture, in the costume of the Commander of the Black Army of Hayti. Copied from Rainsford." It was the Supplement for February 28 to March 31, 1838, London Edition; and supplied, of course, to the subscribers all over the country. "Ah!" thought I, as my glance rapidly ran over the frontispiece, "what have we here? How happens it that such an inflammatory pictorial representation is verging so nearly Mason's and Dixon's neighborly line? Let me see if the master is as 'incendiary' as the picture."

So I quietly sat me down, and fell forth with to reading this suspicious "Account." And what do you think I found it to be, my good friend? Why, forsooth, "inflammatory and insurrectionary in the highest degree." As an introductory sample of the whole, I give you the opening paragraph:

"It is an important question" says the author, (who may be Lord Brougham, President of the above named "insurrectionary" because "useful knowledge" Society,) "whether negroes are constitutionally, and therefore irreducibly, inferior to whites in the powers of the mind. Much of the future welfare of the human race depends on the answer which experience will furnish to the question; for it concerns not only the vast population of Africa, but some millions of negroes who live elsewhere, and the whites who are becoming mixed with the black race in countries where slavery exists, and where it has existed until lately. Many persons have ventured on preposterous decisions on both sides of the question; but the majority are still unsatisfied as to the real capabilities of the negro race. Their actual inferiority of mind is too evident to be disputed; but it may be accounted for, by the circumstances amidst which negroes have lived, both in our own countries and abroad; while, if one single instance can be adduced of a man of jet-black complexion who has exhibited a genius which would be considered eminent in civilized European society, we have at length proof, that there is no incompatibility between negro organization and high intellectual power. Among a very few individuals of the African race who have distinguished themselves by intellectual achievement,* Toussaint L'Overture is pre-eminent: and while society is waiting for evidence of what the negro race at large can do and become, it seems to be rational to build high hopes upon such a character as that of the man, who, as a *Dictator* and a *General*, WAS THE MODEL ON WHICH NAPOLEON FORMED HIMSELF;† who was as inclined to peace as renowned in war; and who will ever be regarded in history as one of the most remarkable men of our age teeming with social wonders."

The writer then proceeds to give us some important facts respecting the soil, population and wealth of St. Domingo, and next glances at certain facts of the deepest interest to Southern readers, in the following strain:

"When the French Revolution broke out, news arrived, of course, in the colony of St. Domingo, of what was doing in France. It might have been supposed that the planters, a small body of gentlemen, holding a large number of slaves, and living in the midst of mulattoes, whom, though free, they would not allow the rights of citizenship, would have been anxious to prevent any thing being said in the colony about the Rights of Men, and upon Social Equality. It strangely happened, however, that when they were speaking of Man and his Rights, they were thinking only of white men;** and it seems never to have occurred to them that dark-complexioned men would desire or endeavor to obtain their share of social freedom. The mulattoes, however, considered that they were as much entitled to social liberty of every kind as any other men; and while the white planters were drinking popular toasts, and displaying the banners sent over to them by France, and hailing a new age of the world, forgetting that they were all the time oppressing the mulattoes, and HOLDING FELLOW MEN IN PROPERTY, their dusky neighbors were planning how they might best claim from the French government the rights of citizenship, from which they were shut out by the proud whites. A dreadful war followed, in consequence of the absolute refusal of the whites to admit them to an equality. The French government first favored one party and then the other; and thus exasperated the deadly hatred which the two parties mutually bore. There are no more horrible cruelties on record than those which the whites & the mulattoes exercised toward each other in the war of the Revolution of St. Domingo."

It was in these dreadful times that, Napoleon like Toussaint arose. A slave, and the son of a slave, but the grandson of an African King, he appeared among the servile population, as if by magic, and proclaimed himself their Deliverer! In an almost incredible space of time and manner, he rallied them by thousands to his stan-

* This remark is probably true of England, and other countries; but not of the United States. The number of his class here, considering their disadvantages, is not very few." C. W. D.

† See Biographia Universale, article TOUSSAINT.

** As at the South now, "Qui in Deum Vol. perdere."

† They bring the aggressors, let the South take timely

ward; and, uniting himself with the Republican commanders, soon obtained the entire control of the Black Forces. While thus enlisted, his peculiar name was given (says the magazine) in the following manner:

"When the Spanish posts fell, one after another, into the hands of the French, one of the Commissioners exclaimed—'Cet homme fait ouverture partout!' 'This man makes an opening every way.' The public voice gave Toussaint the name of L'Overture, the opening, from this time; and he willingly adopted it, building upon it an assurance to his dark brethren, that through him they were to attain a bright and peaceful future."

But our space prevents us from following this wonderful man from stage to stage in his history. The friends of Emancipation are not the friends of war—even though it be for universal liberty: and they, therefore, take no pleasure in the recital of deeds of blood. Despite all the falsehoods of our enemies, there are few, if any, among us, but would say to every slave on earth, in the language of that arch fanatic, Garrison:

Not by the sword shall your deliverance be: Not by the shedding of your master's blood: Not by rebellion,—or foul treachery,—

Uppringing suddenly, like swelling flood: Revenge and rapine ne'er did bring forth good, God's time is best! nor will it long delay: E'en now your barren cause begins to bud;

And glorious shall the fruit be! Watch and pray. For lo! the kindling dawn that ushered in the day!"

Suffice it to say, that the article under review brings forward conclusive facts to prove that the war of Le Clerc—that Republican war for the re-establishment of slavery—brought out L'Overture in all the features of a great soldier. Victory on victory crowned his arms; until fraud and treachery and superior numbers achieved that which could not be by the open battle of the whites. Toussaint fell—but in his very fall he conquered. Our writer further says:

"On meeting the commander of the Héros, Toussaint observed to him—"In overthrowing me, you have overthrown only the trunk of the tree of negro liberty in St. Domingo. It will rise again from the root, because they are many, and have struck deep." He spoke truly. Slavery has never been re-established in Hayti; and this island may be regarded as the centre from which negro liberty and civilization are destined to spread into all the countries where the dusky race is found."

We course, as Christians and as Abolitionists do not approve the measures of the blacks even, detailed in the following extract. It is given to show what kind of master is thus introduced at the South, and as a kind of what may be expected there, unless Slavery is speedily abolished. The extract states:

"The outrage on Toussaint roused the whole island. Christoph and Dessalines now arose with their forces: the French were pressed on every side; and all the reinforcements which were sent from France seemed to do them no good. Even while Toussaint yet lived, 40,000 Frenchmen were supposed to have perished in the island. They established the torture: they introduced blood-hounds from Cuba to hunt down the blacks: but for every black whom they destroyed, two seemed to rise up; and before the invaders relinquished the struggle, they were reduced to feed on the carcasses of the very dogs they had brought in to destroy their foes! On the first of January, 1804, the independence of Hayti was formally proclaimed, and its inhabitants took their place among the nations."†

The writer then proceeds to give us some important facts respecting the soil, population and wealth of St. Domingo, and next glances at certain facts of the deepest interest to Southern readers, in the following strain:

"But alas! for Toussaint. Torn from his country, his comrades, his family, forever—we see him hurried, a close prisoner, to one of the most gloomy prisons in liberty loving, liberty fighting France. There, deprived of the companion he chose, in a cold cell of darkness, the floor of which was actually under water, he strove to shut out the remembrance of the land of palms and sunny breezes, that had faded forever from his view. It was while he was under these circumstances, continues the Magazine, that Wordsworth wrote this 'incendiary' sonnet:

"Toussaint! the most unhappy man of men!

Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thou liest now
Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den;

O, miserable Chief! where and when

Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou

Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow;

Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,

Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind

Powers that will work for thee—air, earth, and skies,

There's not a breathing of the common wind

That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;

They friends are exultations, agonies,

And love, and man's unquerable mind."

In concluding this effective paper, the writer eloquently asks and says:

"Was not this man—in all respects, worthy of the name? He was altogether African—a perfect negro in his organization, yet a full endowed and well accomplished man. In no respect does his nature appear to have been unequal; there was no feebleness in one direction, as a consequence of unusual vigor in another. He had strength of body, strength of understanding, strength of belief, and consequently of purpose; strength of affection, of imagination, and of will. One man is emphatically a Great Man; and will one man of his race have been, others may be."

And thus, with a facsimile of his hand writing, concludes the article. And thus I conclude my review of it (mentioning, in this place, an engraving that accompanies the 124th page of the Magazine, respecting the Haytian "Temple of Liberty," with the deeply breathed prayer to Almighty God, that it may work a work of righteousness in this world, forgetting to its last extremity, and are guilty of it in its foulest and most odious light; andasmuch as they extort from a man, not merely his property, but his liberty—his life—HIMSELF, and all that pertains to him.

Now to show that the word of God forbids us to hold communion with such persons, it is only requisite to recite the language of the text—"If any man that is called a brother, be * * * an extortioner, with such an one, no not to eat. Can any thing be plainer than this direction? Is there any possible way to evade it? Is not the command definite and positive, not to eat, or hold communion with, extortioners? And will you, in the face of this command, take away the enclosures, and throw open the doors of your communion, to the greatest extortioners on the face of the earth?"

— "my own, my native land."

Accept, dear brother, assurances

of devoted esteem

from your brother in a precious Redeemer,

C. W. D.

It would be well for the South to remember that there are more openings than one in this wide world!

† Excepting, always, with due deference, the "Democratic" nation, of the United States of America?

— "They bring the aggressors, let the South take timely

CHRISTIAN REFLECTOR.

"Charity rejoiceth in the Truth."

WORCESTER:

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1839.

COMMUNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

The signs of the times clearly indicate that "the hour cometh and now is," when Christian Fellowship cannot be continued with such "Extortioners" as those who extort from their fellow men all of their wages. That such persons are "Extortioners," in the highest sense, is undeniable, for "the Laborer is worthy of his hire," and woe to them who set at defiance this law of God. We are aware that "Extortion" is only one of the many flagrant sins inseparable from slaveholding; but we now speak of this sin separately, in order to introduce the following extract from a discourse of Rev. JOHN PUTMAN of Dunbarton, N. H. preached Oct. 14—1838.

And, we would say to the reader that if he ever prays, or ever ought to pray, he ought to read this extract with the devoutest spirit of prayer to "the Father of lights." If, too, he knows the nature of true christian love, he will see and feel the propriety—the duty of withholding from the "Extortioner," all countenance of his sin. If any deem this "very strict," so do we, and so does Jehovah, all of whose statutes are strict, but it is on this account that they are "very pure" and the "servant" of God "loveth them"; for both God and holy men hate every false way, while His law they love and make their only standard of right and wrong.

In the code of slavery, the law of the master, and not of God, is paramount, and must always take the precedence. God is virtually dethroned; and the slaveholder is made to assume prerogatives which the Most High has reserved alone to himself. It is thus that slavery is robbery of God, as well as of man. It invades God's rights, and assumes his prerogatives.

That slavery is one of the greatest sins that human beings are capable of committing, is no new doctrine. It is not a sentiment peculiar to modern abolitionists. It is a sentiment which has been entertained by great and good men of every age, and which has been expressed by them, in terms as strong and as pointed as have ever been made use of by the most zealous friends of emancipation of the present day.

Says WILDFORCE—"Never was a system so big with wickedness and cruelty. In whatever part of it you direct your view, the eye finds no comfort, no satisfaction, no relief. * * * * Slavery is the full measure of pure, unmixed, unsophisticated wickedness; and, scorning all competition or comparison, it stands without a rival in the secure, undisputed possession of its detestable pre-eminence."

Says PALEY—"Slavery is a dominion and system of laws the most merciless and tyrannical that ever were tolerated upon the face of the earth."

Says JOHN WESLEY—"Man-stealers!—the worst of thieves, in comparison with whom highway-robbers and house-breakers are innocent; and men-buyers are exactly on a level with men-stealers."

Says ROWLAND HILL—"Slavery is made up of every crime that treachery, cruelty and murder can invent; and men-stealers are the very worst of thieves."

Says JONATHAN EDWARDS—"It is as really wicked to rob a man of his liberty, as to rob him of his life; and it is much more wicked than to rob him of his property. To hold a man in a state of slavery, is to be every day guilty of robbing him of his liberty, or of man-stealing."

Says SAMUEL HOPKINS—"Slavery is in every instance wrong, unrighteous and oppressive; a very great and crying sin—there being nothing of the kind equal to it on the face of the earth."

Such is the testimony concerning slavery, of some of the greatest and best men that ever lived. These men regarded slaveholders as ROBBERS, in the worst sense. Edwards, you observe, says that to hold a man in slavery is to be every day guilty of robbing him of his liberty, or of man-stealing. The way is now fully prepared to show,

III. That the word of God forbids us to admit persons of this character to our communion. We have seen that slaveholders, or those who rob men of themselves, and subject them to unrequited toil, are the greatest extortioners conceivable; that they carry the sin of extortion to its last extremity, and are guilty of it in its foulest and most odious light; andasmuch as they extort from a man, not merely his property, but his liberty—his life—HIMSELF, and all that pertains to him.

Now to show that the word of God forbids us to hold communion with such persons, it is only requisite to recite the language of the text—"If any man that is called a brother, be * * * an extortioner, with such an one, no not to eat. Can any thing be plainer than this direction? Is there any possible way to evade it? Is not the command definite and positive, not to eat, or hold communion with, extortioners? And will you, in the face of this command, take away the enclosures, and throw open the doors of your communion, to the greatest extortioners on the face of

resolved by every means in his power, to make it *perpetual*. This would turn the northern mind against him. So he rings changes on such equivocal phrases. But we have no room for further remark now than to warn our readers of the plot by which this unprincipled DUELLIST and Slaveholder calculates to gull the North, that they may be induced to place him in the next *Presidential Chair*.

The correspondent of the Courier pretends to deplore the existence of slavery, but, at Clay's bidding, lays all the blame of "animosity" between the North and South, to "the fanaticism" of the North. Good! So, if we fanatics were only quiet, the existence of Slavery would be no good reason for any "animosity." O no! the North 'have right to feel.' God grant, we may feel as Christians ought to feel, and then we shall never rest an hour, without thundering JEHOVAN's demand in the ears of the oppressor—"LET THE OPPRESSED GO FREE—BREAK EVERY Yoke." This we will do, so long as there is a God, who requires it of us. Let those be silent, who neither fear Him nor regard the woes of the imbruted slave.

With the closing remarks of the said correspondent we heartily concur.

"Northern politicians, reckless of principle, and void of every high and patriotic emotion, seize the opportunity thus presented them (in the strife between the North and the South) to insinuate themselves into favor under pretence of maintaining the rights of the Slave States, and hope by this sly movement to gain their (Southern) support. But the day of reckoning will come. The cause of humanity will fall into the hands of more judicious persons, the mask will drop from off political knavery, and truth and justice become the watchword throughout the land."

COLONIZATION.

How many times more will the question be put—"Why cannot Abolitionists and Colonizationists work together to accomplish the same object?" This question has been answered a hundred times—but we will be patient and answer again.

1st. Instead of having "the same object" in view, these two Societies have two objects in view—the one object being the overthrow of the system of Slavery, or, as the Colonizationists of Virginia call it, "our happy institutions"—the other the *perpetuation* of the system.

2nd. Abolitionists are not pleased with a copartnership with DUELLISTS in even a benevolent enterprise.

HENRY CLAY, an unreformed DUELLIST, is the President of the American Colonization Society; and HENRY A. WISE, whose hands are yet red with the blood of CILEY, is a Vice President of the Virginia Colonizationist Society. These may be esteemed trifling matters with other men, but we can not so regard them.

HENRY A. WISE declared, at the late Colonization Anniversary in Washington, that he loved the Colonization Society, "because it is the enemy of Abolition," and in this said he truly, and—but we have said enough to be understood by men who think for themselves. Just read, with some care, the Article on the first page which we copy from the Baptist "Religious Herald," of Richmond, Va.

Cornish N. H., Feb. 5, 1839.

To the Conductors of the CHRISTIAN REFLECTOR:—Gentlemen, Inclosed I send you \$2, in payment for your paper, commencing the first of January, 1839. Through the kindness of some Friend, I have become acquainted with your valuable paper; and the straight forward and independent course you take, together with the principles you advocate, is that which induces me to take the Reflector. Go on, gentlemen; truth will do its way, and God will bless your exertions.

S. D. F.

NEW ENGLAND, OR NORTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION.

A Baptist Brother, in a letter just received by us from a distant part of the country on the subject of a Baptist Convention, to advise on what measures ought to be adopted in our denomination, relative to the great work of Abolition, writes as follows:—"It is certain, never was such an organization more called for than among our people. We can do more than the METHODISTS, with the right kind of means, &c.

"Now, dear brother, what do you say? Are you ready? Do you think (as I do) that God is saying, as he said to Moses—'GO FORWARD!'

If the writer had received the Reflector for the last several weeks, he would have known our views; but he has been located where he had not had the reading of it. We rejoice that a simultaneous movement is beginning to take place in different parts of the country. Brethren, give us your views.

THE CHRISTIAN JOURNAL.

This paper is "the Cincinnati Journal," transferred from Cincinnati to New York, edited by ELISHA W. CHESTER. During the last year, it underwent a very happy change in relation to the great subject of Slavery, and is now one of the most independent advocates of "immediate emancipation." It is conducted with great ability and in an excellent spirit.

MEETING OF THE BOARD.

An adjourned meeting of the Board of Managers of this paper, will be held at the office of the Editor next Monday, the 18th inst. at 11 o'clock, A. M.

HOLDEN SLAVE CASE.

The Report of the trial of this novel and very interesting case, will be published and for sale at the bookstores, in the course of next week.

Any persons having spare copies of the Reflector for Feb. 1, will confer a special favor by returning them to this office.

THE LATE STORM.

For the sake of collecting the facts we have intentionally deferred a particular notice of the late remarkable storm, with which a righteous God has visited a large portion of our country, and swept away so much of that wealth which Americans are wont to idolize. In this place, little evil was experienced; but we are bound to sympathize with our fellow citizens at large, in the calamities they suffer; and, instead of indulging the thought that they are sinners more than ourselves, take the warning and humble ourselves before Him, who distributes his chastisements with unerring wisdom, lest heavier judgments fall on us.

The doctrine of an over-ruled Providence is fast falling out of the minds of the community and needs to be revived by recurrence to the lively oracles. It is a virtuous weakness, if weakness it is, to believe that the great Creator of the elements, makes them his instruments in accomplishing some important purposes.

Thursday, the 24th day of January, was severely cold; on Friday, the weather began to moderate, and on Saturday morning a south-east wind brought rain.

"Between four and five o'clock," says the New York Express, "the wind was a hurricane,—ripping up the ice in the North River, and doing a great deal of mischief in the harbor and city. After this, the wind lulled, and the weather became cold again, the air on Sunday being very severe. The wind was strong from the North-west."

During the storm the Piers near the Battery, the Battery itself and Castle Garden, suffered considerable injury.

Cakes of ice were thrust among the trees on the Battery and are crowded in heaps in all the slips in the lower part of the city. It is said, the Tide had not been so high for seven years.

The greatest losses of property are thought to have occurred in the cellars, which on several streets were filled with water. A number of houses and other buildings were unroofed, and very many chimneys were blown down, as were several entire houses, among which was "Rock Hotel" on North River.

"Saturday Afternoon There was never a more exciting scene in this city, than between 3 and 5 o'clock." The tide was rising rapidly, until it rose 18 feet above low water. Carmen were engaged near the water, hauling off goods, and casks and packers were floating in the streets. Large quantities of wood were washed overboard from the vessels.

A sloop sunk, off Jersey City; and a schooner, with several persons on board, was seen to sink. Considerable damage was done to the shipping in the harbor, and bay. At Staten Island several vessels came a shore, and a number were dismasted or otherwise injured.

It is supposed that the loss of property in New York and the harbor, does not fall short of two millions of dollars.

In ALBANY, the water flowed over the lower part of the city and compelled the inhabitants, hundreds of families to fly from their homes. Supplies of food were provided for the numerous poor, at the City Hall.

Many steamboats and other vessels were greatly damaged—some sunk and were driven beneath the ice.

At HUDSON and many other places on North River, like losses were sustained.

Much damage was done on the Mohawk river, to bridges, houses and &c.

Bridges suffered every where. At Philadelphia, it is said, the storm was even more severe than at New York, and it is reported that several lives were lost.

The new rail-road bridge across the Skuykill river and the floating bridge were carried away. Much distress was occasioned on that river to many families.

The Philadelphia papers give truly frightful accounts of the effects of the storm in that city and neighborhood. On the Connecticut river, great damage was done to numerous bridges, many of which were wholly destroyed or essentially injured, as at Hartford, Conn. Montague, Mass. and many other places. A section of the Bridge 4 miles above Bellows Falls, 100 feet in length, moved down majestically, till it reached the Falls, where, in a moment, it was shivered into minute slivers, as it pitched down the cataract.

We are happy in saying that we have learned of the loss of fewer lives than the extensive devastations of property would or-

dinarily lead us to expect. Although the storm was much less severe in the Eastern parts of this state and in Maine, some serious losses were sustained on the Merrimack, both in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and on the principal rivers in Maine. The important mills at Brunswick were swept away. At Augusta chimneys were blown down; at Hollowell the water was 4 feet deep in the main street; at Topsham several houses and barns were blown down.

All these items, undoubtedly, form but a faint sketch of the terrible effects of this storm, which is believed to have been more destructive than any other within the memory of the oldest inhabitants.

FIRE. About one o'clock yesterday morning, a fire broke out in the Satinet Factory of Benjamin Prentiss and Co. South Worcester, which with its contents was consumed. The property was insured at the Manufacturers' Mutual Office in this town, for \$10,600, which it is supposed will nearly cover the loss.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank our brethren for the interest they take in our labors, and for the help they are beginning to render us in our toils. Several valuable communications have been received too late for insertion in the present number. Their kind letters cheer us on.

"O. S. C." is informed that we desire much to publish his communication from Boston on his personal acquaintance with slavery, and his repentance and abandonment of the sin of slaveholding; but it is an Editorial rule from which it is not safe to depart, that, where important facts are stated in a communication, the name of the writer be *confided* to the Editor. "O. S. C." will, on a little reflection, perceive the necessity of such a rule. If he will favor us with his name, he will much oblige us. Such cases of reformation are important to be published.

"O. S. C." and others will understand that it is the *Editor*, not the public, who needs the name.

ERRATA.—In the Article No. 1, on the first page, three lines below "4th," read *Luke*, instead of *Leviticus*.

In the first column towards the bottom, the *author* prefers to have it read—"Believing also, that on the reception of the light and walking in it, depends the salvation," &c.

WORCESTER POST OFFICE.—We have received official information that JUBAL HARRINGTON has resigned the office of Post master in this town. The reports of the occasion of this resignation are of a very painful character. We trust that the TRUTH will be fully ascertained and published.

FLORIDA.—A Convention of delegates has been held in the Territory of Florida, to form a Constitution of State Government, with a view to admission into the Union. The Constitution prohibits the Legislature from enacting Laws for the emancipation of slaves. This is a matter in which the North have some concern. "What have the North to do with slavery?" We shall see.

OHIO AND NEW YORK.

The Legislature of Ohio has passed resolutions to suit the South and put down Abolitionists, while the Legislature of New York has passed resolutions to suit the rights of the North. We may quote these counter actions next week.

Rev. WINTHROP MORSE, a special Agent for the Christian Reflector, has written us from Amesbury Mills, under date of Feb. 11, and furnishes additional evidence, both that the Lord is with him, and that our humble labors meet with favor among the friends of Christ.

REVIVAL INTELLIGENCE.

CLAIROIR, Ala., December, 17th, 1838. My dear Brother I have never indulged any feelings of distrust with regard to the power of God, but surely at that meeting Christian enjoyment, and the power of arrest exerted on the minds of sinners surpassed any thing that I could have supposed, might be realized upon earth. Imagine a picture before you where you could see a beloved son full of promise, and the hope and prop of his father's declining years, just delivered from the bondage of sin and the confines of Satan's dominions, rising up, and stating to the Church the goodness of God. See the Father clasping him in his arms and exclaiming, "O my son, you were dead but are alive, you were lost but are found." And so with children to the parents and bosom companion, with companion embracing each other, all rejoicing in God. Twenty-two were received at that meeting; on the third Sabbath (the ninth and last day) I had the unspeakable pleasure of immersing twenty of them.

At our last meeting I baptized four others, and on last Tuesday the 11th, on my return from a protracted meeting at Brooklyn, Conecticut, I agreeable to appointment preached there and baptized four more. Two others have been received whose baptism is deferred—making 30 precious souls as the fruit of that meeting. Some very interesting and intelligent young men are among the number received.

From the Rev. Geo. Coan, Alden, N. Y. It was hoped that nearly a hundred passed from death unto life, and will appear among the redeemed as members of the church tri-

umphant. But this we shall never know, until we meet in eternity. Among the subjects of this work, are several members of the Baptist and Methodist churches, who had made a profession some four or five years since, and also individuals from neighboring town. Most of the converts are among the youth.

BOOKFIELD, Morgan Co., Jan. 14, 1839. The Church in Brookfield agreed to hold a meeting of several days continuance, in connection with the 5th Sabbath in December. We commenced our services on the Friday preceding, but found ourselves entirely disappointed in the ministerial help that we expected. This deficiency was supplied, however, by the arrival of brethren Broom, Crane, J. Dana, and the friendly assistance of Brother Aston, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church

Broth. Broom and Aston continued with us several days, while the other brethren were under the necessity of leaving.

Our meeting appeared to grow in interest daily; saints were awakened from sluggishness and sinners were born unto God.

The servants of God appeared to be clothed with salvation, while they went heartily into the work of "persuading men to be reconciled unto God." On last Monday, I baptized ten rejoicing servants, 9 of them in the bloom of youth, under twenty years of age, all of them coming out with holy boldness into the service of the all-conquering Savior.

Yesterday I led down into the liquid grave four more, and introduced them into the visible world; one of them was a youth of but nine years of age, who gave as clear an evidence of a work of grace upon the heart as I have almost ever witnessed. I thought of the solemn admonition of Jesus to the Jews, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye can in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." The work of grace is still going forward.

Cross and Journal.

TUSCALOOSA, Nov. 18, 1833. About 55 professed at the Presbyterian meeting, 30 at the Methodist, and 50 during the meeting of the Baptists. Ten of the students of the University, and a number from different schools, are among the converts.

CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C. Dec. 28, 1838. The revival resulted in the conversion of twenty-eight souls, and was mostly confined to young persons.

I don't think I ever was at a more interesting meeting considering the number of persons. It appeared that no one could come to the place without feeling that he was treading on holy ground.

Recorder and Watchman.

ALLEGHENYTOWN, Pa. Jan. 11, 1839. For many years, the Providence Baptist Church, in Beaver county, Pa., (the oldest Baptist Church, I am told, west of the Ohio river,) had been in a languishing state.

Some change took place through the Spring and Summer. The Spirit moved some of the members, and called a few out of the world. On Saturday before the third Lord's day in August, a greater exhibition still of divine power was witnessed. Seven followed the Savior to the watery grave. This fully proved to the church, that a merciful God had come over the mountains of past sins—So a protracted meeting was commenced, on Friday before the 5th Sabbath in September. The ministering brethren in attendance were Thomas Daniel, the Pastor, his son, (now of Graville College,) Rees Davies (late from Wales,) Isaac R. Barris, and others. The meeting lasted five days. Very soon a large number came out requesting baptism. What a scene ensued! The Lord was in his Holy Temple; all before him were silent; not a word was said for some time,—although many efforts were made to speak, every one was awed to the utmost silence! The scene can be better conceived than described. The number baptized from the beginning of the revival to the end of November, was about sixty. I have not heard particulars for a month past, but the work is still going on most glorious-ly, it is said.

New Bethel, Mount Pleasant, and other Baptist churches around, are also receiving a rich harvest. May the Lord carry on his work until every palace and cabin in these regions shall send forth anthems of praise.

Cross and Journal.

IN CONGRESS, On the first instant, a petition was presented in the Senate from certain citizens of Gloucester, N. Jersey, asking the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and asking its reference to a special committee.

The motion to receive was ordered to lie on the table.

IN CONGRESS,

On the second, one was offered by Mr. Swift from citizens of Vermont, asking for abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. In this case the motion to receive was ordered to lie on the table.

Under date of the fourth instant, the Washington correspondent of the United States Gazette writes:

Abolition to-day took a fresh start; and if I shall not frighten you, by using a kind of a Gothic expression, I shall say, that for a moment, it kicked up a kind of a "boisterous."

Mr. Slade of Vermont a gentleman who has long been distinguished for his devotion to the cause of negro emancipation, got the floor when his State was called for the presentation of petitions, and unlocked an immense budget of abolition documents:

Among them was "the assortment," was a petition from Ichabod Bartlett, of Portsmouth, N. H., praying Congress to repeat the Atherton resolutions of December 12th.

Mr. Hamer, of Ohio, inquired if Ichabod Bartlett was not a candidate for Congress?

Mr. Slade refused to make a reply; and contented himself with looking "worn" of the petition.

Mr. Howard of Maryland, moved that the petition lie on the table, and the motion prevailed.

When Mr. Ichabod Battlett's case had been disposed of, Mr. Slade asked leave to present a resolution.

Mr. Slade asked that it might be read for the information of the house.

Mr. Waddy Thompson of S. C. I object, sir, to the reading of the resolution; and if no other member will do it, I will object to any resolution that the gentleman from Vermont may offer.

A member rose, and said that he demanded the reading of the resolution. He had a right to make the demand, and insisted on its reading.

POETRY.

THE DYING HYMN OF MUSCULUS.
WOLFGANG MUSCULUS was a German Divine and reformer, though educated in the Roman religion. He was born at Dinez, in 1740. He was brought up in a monastery at Westrick. When he began the study of theology, a pious old monk said to him, "If you intend to become a good preacher, you must endeavor to be familiar with the bible." He did so; became a Christian and a Protestant; and was the instrument of converting to his principles almost all his brother friars in the monastery. He died in 1563. He composed many valuable works in illustration of the scriptures. The following Hymn has been deservedly admired.

1. *Nil superest vita, frigus preordina captat:*
Sed tu, CHRISTE, mihi vita perennia adas.
2. *Quid trepidas anima? ad sedes abitura quietis:*
En tibi duxit, adest ANGELUS illi tunc.
3. *Lingue domum hanc miseram, nunc in sua fata ruentem,*
Quam ubi sida DEI dextera restituit.
4. *Peccasti? Scio: sed CHRISTUS credentibus in se*
Peccata expurgat sanguine cuncta suo.
5. *Horribilis mors est? fateor: sed proxima vita est,*
Ad quam te CHRISTI gratia certa vocat.
6. *Pro-te est de Satana, peccato, et morte trahimus;*
CHRISTUS: ad hunc igitur leta alacrius migra.

TRANSLATION.

By Rev. J. Newton Brown.

1. The vital flame shall burn no more!
The blood around your heart is cold!
But thou, O Christ, my soul shall warm
With life of more than mortal mould!

2. Why then, my soul, why tremble thus,
To wing thy flight to seats of rest?
Behold thy guide, thine ANGEL, waits
To lead thee there among the blest.

3. Leave then this wretched mansion, leave—
In ruins it around thee lies;
For God's right hand is faithful still,
And thou shalt see it soir rise.

4. But hast thou sinned? And hence thy fear.
Sad truth! But yet believers know
That crimson as the stain may be,
The blood of CHRIST doth cleansing flow.

5. Does death a face of horror wear?
Most true, my soul, but life is nigh;
That life to which thy SAVIOR calls:
By grace so sure thou canst not die.

6. Victor o'er Satan, sin, and death,
Yonder thy Lord in triumph reigns;
Stretch, O my soul, thy joyful wings,
And fly to those celestial plains.

THE BLIND NEGRO COMMUNICANT.
A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

By Mary E. Lee.

The Savior's feast was spread. Group after group From Zion's scattering bough, now silent throng'd Around the sacred table, glad to pay (As for sin, ering men can pay) Their debt of gratitude, and share anew The plain memorials of his dying love. All ranks were gathered 'ere. The rich and poor: The ignorant ad wise; the tear-wet soul, And the glad spirit yet in sunshine clad; All, with their many hopes, and cares and griefs, Brought quiet and unmannered, their 'customed place, And still the full banquet there was room— It was a solemn season; and I sat Wrapt in a cloud of thought, until a slow And measured footstep fell upon my ear; And when I turned to look, an aged man Of three score years and ten appeared to view. It was the blind Communicant! He came, Led by a friendly hand, and took his place Nearest the table, with a reverent air, As if he felt the spot was holy ground— There was a perfect hush!—The hour was come! The symbols were disclosed, and soon there rose The sweet tones of the Shepherd of the flock, Telling once more the story of the Cross; And as he spoke, in sympathy I gazed Upon the blind pilgrim by my side. The sight was touching! As the Pastor taught, In accents all subdued, how Jesus bore The flight of friends, the stern denial-vow, The spear, the thorns, the agonizing cross, With want, shame, persecution, torture, death, The old man shook, convulsed; his ebon brow Grew pallid in his hue; a few big tears Ran trickling down his cheek, and from his lip Methought there came the words, "Lord, is it I?" But when there stole upon each listening ear And throbard heart, that prayer of mystic love, That type and watchword for all after-prayer, "Father, forgive them!" then he clasp'd his hands, And bowing his hoar head upon his breast, Wept, even as a weaned child might weep. There was a change! The bread and wine were brought, He wiped the gushing drops from his thin cheek, Bowed solemnly—received them both—then paused—Till raising his dull eye-balls up to heaven, As asking for God's blessing on the rite, He broke the bread, received the goblet close Within his wither'd hands; restored it safe; Then, while a peaceful smile illumed his face, Sank back as in an ecstasy of bliss. The parting hymn was sung, and off I paws'd And stopped to listen, as the old man's voice, Broken and shrill, sought to sing'me in With modulated tones, and though his lip Utter'd no music, yet I joyed to know The heart was all link'd melody within. Christ's seal was stamp'd anew upon each soul, The solemn rite was finished, and the band, Warmed to each kindly touch of human love, Moved, full of thoughtful cheerfulness, along The quiet church-yard, where gay sun-beds danced On the white marble tombs, and bright flowers made A pleasant home for Death; while 'mongst them all The blind Communicant went groping on Along his midnight path. The sight was sad! My heart yearn'd for him—and I longed for power To say, as the Redeemer said of old, "Blind man! receive thy sight,"—and in the might Of strong compassion, I could e'en, methought, Have entered his dark prison-house awhile And let him gaze in turn, on the blue skies, And the glad sunshine, and the laughing earth. But I owned a sense of high things, And in the heart's soft dialect I said, "Old soldier! 'tis well with thee! Thy warfare is nigh o'er, though Earth Be but an utter blank, yet soon thou'll rise On that bright country where thy God shall be. The never setting Sun; and Christ, thy Lord, Will lead thee through green pastures, where the still And living waters play. And though thou art A creature lone! an I found'd by me, Yet thou mayst stand a Prince, amongst Princes, when The King wakes up his jewels."

TRIALS OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

I pass over the two or three first days spent in that process of hammering boxes, breaking crockery, knocking things down and picking them up again, which is commonly called getting to housekeeping; as usual, carpets were sewed and stretched, laid down and taken up to be sewed over—things were reformed, transformed, confounded, till at last a settled order began to appear. Now came up the great point of all. During our confusion, we had cooked and eaten our meals in every miscellaneous and pastoral manner, eating now from the top of a barrel, and now from a fire-board, laid on two chairs, and drinking, some from tea cups and some from saucers, and some from tumblers, and some from a pitcher big enough to be drowned in, and sleeping, some on sofas, and some on straggling beds and mattresses, thrown down here and there, wherever there was room. All these pleasant barbarities were now at an end—the house was in order—the dishes put up in their places—three regular meals were to be administered in one day, all in an orderly civilized form—beds were to be made—rooms swept and dusted—dishes washed—knives scoured, and all the et cetera to be attended to. Now for getting 'help' as Mrs. Trollope says, and where and how were we to get it? we knew very few persons in the city, and how were we to accomplish the matter? At length the house of employment was mentioned, and my husband was dispatched thither regularly every day for a week, while I, in the mean time, was very nearly *dispatched* by the abundance of work at home. At length one evening, as I was sitting completely exhausted, thinking of resorting to the last feminine expedient for supporting life, viz a good fit of crying, my husband made his appearance with a most triumphant air at the door— "There! Margaret! I have got you a couple at last—cook and chambermaid!"—so saying he flourished open the door, and gave to my view the picture of a little, dry, snuffly looking old woman, and a great staring Dutch girl in a green bonnet with red ribbon—mouth wide open, and hands and feet that would have made a Greek sculptor open his mouth too. I addressed forthwith a few words of encouragement to each of this cultivated looking couple, and proceeded to ask their names, and forthwith the old woman began to snuffle and to wipe her face with what was left of an old silk handkerchief, preparatory to speaking, while the young lady opened her mouth wider, and looked around with a frightened air, as if meditating an escape. After some preliminaries, however, I found out that my old woman was Mrs. Tibbins, and my Hebe's name was *Kotterin*; also, that she knew much more Dutch than English, and not any too much of either. The old lady was the cook—I ventured a few inquiries— "Had she ever cooked?"

"Yes ma'am, sartain; she had lived at two or three places in the city."

"I expect, my dear, said my husband, confidently, 'that she is an experienced cook, and so your troubles are over,' and he went to reading his newspaper. I said no more, but determined to wait till morning. The breakfast, to be sure, did not do much honor to the talents of my official, but it was the first time, and the place was new to her. After breakfast was cleared away, I proceeded to give directions for dinner; it was merely a plain joint of meat, I said, to be roasted in a tin oven. The 'experienced cook' looked at me, with a stare of entire surprise; 'the tin oven,' I repeated, 'stands there, pointing to it.'

She walked up to and touched it with as much an appearance of suspicion as if it had been an electric battery, and then looked round at me with a look of such helpless ignorance that my soul was moved; 'I never see one of them things before,' said she. "Never saw a tin oven!" I exclaimed. 'I thought you said had you cooked in two or three families?'

"They does not have such things as them, though," rejoined my old lady. Nothing was to be done, of course, but to instruct her in the philosophy of the case, and having spitted the joint, and given numberless directions, I walked off to my room to superintend the operations of *Kotterin*, to whom I had committed the making of my bed, and the sweeping of my room, it never having come into my head that there could be a wrong way of making a bed; and to this day it is a marvel to me how any one could arrange pillows and quilts to make such a nondescript appearance as mine now presented. One glance showed me that *Kotterin*, also, was just caught, and that I had as much to do in her department as that of my old lady.

Just then the door bell rang; "Oh, there is the door bell!" I exclaimed, ran, *Kotterin*, and show them into the parlor. *Kotterin* started to run, as directed, and then stopped, and stood looking round on all the doors, and on me, with a wofully puzzled air. "The street door," said I, pointing toward the entry. *Kotterin* blundered into the entry and stood gazing up with a look of stupid wonder at the bell ringing without any hands, while I went to the door and let in the company, before she could fairly be made to understand the connection between the ringing and the phenomena of admission.

As dinner time approached, I sent word into my kitchen to have it sent on, but collecting the state of the heads of department there, I soon followed my own orders. I found the tin oven standing out in the middle of the kitchen, and my cook, seated a la-Turk in front of it, contemplating the roast meat with full as puzzled an air as in the morning. I once more explained the mystery of taking it off and assisted her to get it on to the platter, though somewhat cooled by having been so long set out for inspection. I was standing holding the spit in my hands, when *Kotterin*, who had heard the door bell ringing, and was determined this time to be in season, ran into the hall, and soon returning opened the kitchen door, and politely ushered in three or four fashionable looking ladies, exclaiming, "here she is!" As these were strangers from the city who had come to make their first call, this introduction was far from proving an

eligible one—the look of thunderstruck astonishment with which I greeted their first appearance, as I stood brandishing the spit, and the terrified snuffing and staring of poor Mrs. Tibbins, who had again recourse to her old pocket handkerchief, almost entirely vanquished their gravity, and it was evident they were on the point of a broad laugh, so recovering my self-possession, I apologized, and led the way to the parlour.

Let these few incidents be a specimen of the four mortal weeks that I spent with these "helps," during which time I did almost as much work with twice as much anxiety, as when there was nobody there, and yet every thing went wrong beside. The young gentlemen complained of the patches of starch grimed to their collars, and the streaks of coal ironed into their dickeys, while one week every pocket handkerchief in the house was starched so stiff that you might as well have carried an earthen plate in your pocket—the tumblers looked mucky—the plates were never washed clean nor wiped dry, unless I attended to each one; and as to eating and drinking we experienced a variety that we had not before considered possible.

At length, the old woman vanished from the stage and was succeeded by a knowing, active, capable damsels, with a temper just like a steel trap, who remained with me just one week and then went off in a fit of spite. To her succeeded a rosy, good natured, merry lass who broke the crockery, burnt the dinner, tore the clothes in ironing, and knocked down every thing that stood in her way about the house, without at all composing herself about the matter. One night she took the stopper from a barrel of molasses and came singing off up stairs, while the molasses ran soberly out into the cellar bottom all night, till by morning it was in a state of universal emancipation. Having done this, and also dispatched an entire set of tea things, by letting the water fall, she one day made her disappearance!

Then for a wonder, there fell to my lot a tidy efficient trained English girl—pretty, and gentle and neat, and knowing how to do every thing, and with the sweetest temper in the world. "Now," said I to myself, "I shall rest from my labors." Every thing about the house began to go right, and looked as clean and gentle as Mary's own pretty self. But alas, this period of repose was interrupted by the vision of a clever, trim looking young man, who for some weeks could be heard scraping his boots at the kitchen door every Sunday night—and at last Miss Mary, with some smiling and blushing, gave us to understand that she must leave in two weeks.

"Why Mary," said I, "feeling a little mischievous, 'don't you like the place?'

"Oh yes ma'am."

"Then why do you look for another?'

"I am not going to another place."

"What, Mary, are you going to learn a trade?" "No ma'am."

"Why, then, what do you mean to do?"

"I expect to keep house myself, ma'am."

"Oh, ho," said I, "that is it—and so in two weeks I lost the best little girl in the world—peace to her memory."

After this came an interregnum, which put me in mind of the chapter in *Chronicles* that I used to read with great delight when a child, where Basha and Elah, and Tilon, and Zimri, and Omri, one after the other came on to the throne of *Israel*, all in the compass of half a dozen verses. We had one old woman who staid a week and went away with the misery in her tooth—one young woman who ran away and got married—one cook, who came at night and went off before light in the morning—one very clever girl, who staid a month and then went away because her mother was sick—another who staid six weeks, and was taken with the fever herself, and during all this time who can speak the damage and destruction wrought in the domestic parthenalia, by passing thro' these multiplied hands?

What shall we do? Shall we go for slaves, or shall we give up houses, have no furniture to take care of—keep merely a bag of meal, porridge pot, and a pudding stick, and sit in our door in real patriarchal independence? What shall we do?

Ladies' Book.

From the Evening News.

HAYTI.

The ignorance of the history and condition of this republic evinced by those of our southern masters who oppose the recognition of its independence, and by most newspaper editors, too, truly deplorable. All of them assume, without question, that the slaves of St. Domingo rose in insurrection and butchered their masters without mercy or discrimination. The fact, however, was far otherwise. In 1793, slavery was abolished in the French West Indies by an ordinance of the Directory, a code of regulations adapted to the condition of the freemen was framed and the island remained under the wise and patriotic rule of Toussaint l'Overture, the African Washington; himself an emancipated slave. We have the concurrent testimony of the most respected authorities, that St. Domingo was never so advantageously cultivated or so prosperous, as during the next few years. In 1801, Napoleon Bonaparte attempted to re-establish the former order of things, and sent his brother-in-law, Le Clerc, to rive anew the shackles of the Directory, had stricken off, with an army of fifty thousand men, whose bodies now fatten the soil of Hayti. *Sic semper tyrannis!*—Then, and not till then, the Gallo Africans rose in wrath. The insurrection began among the free people of color, & soon extended, universally to the former slaves. The mountains pored swarms of black warriors from every pass; the French troops every where met bold hearts and ready hands, the climate did work and the baffled remnant of that mighty host fled from the fatal shore. Nevertheless, Le Clerc, succeeded in entrapping Toussaint, a deed of baseness unparalleled save by the capture of Oseola by Jessup, and the heroic champion of West Indian freedom pinned away the miserable remainder of his days in the gloom and damps of a Swiss dungeon.—No matter—he was black.

A revival of about twelve months continuance still prevails in the 2d Mount Pleasant Church, Shelby co., Ia. Elder Hinkley writes to the Regular Baptist as published on the cover of that paper. "The revival has not yet ceased; more than fifty have been added by baptism since the commencement; some of whom, we trust, the Lord has called to labor in his vineyard. Three have already commenced improving in public. 'This is the Lord's doing—it is marvellous in our eyes.' The Church in Franklin has received a number by baptism and letter during the past year, but we have had no special refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

We learn that there is at this time a pleasing revival of religion in progress at Sandy Bay, Gloucester, Mass., among all the evangelical denominations of the place.—Watchman.

Since that time, notwithstanding the hostility of both France and England, though the capital and other towns have been more than once leveled by earthquakes, though crippled in their resources by an unjust and heavy debt to France, though distracted by civil wars, the Haytian people have gone on prospering and to prosper. Their number has more than doubled, they have a liberal form of government, good laws and schools in abundance. Every man sits under his own vine and fig tree with none to molest or make him afraid. The independence of the nation is acknowledged by all civilized nations excepting the United States, the country, *par excellence*, of freedom; which now, though itself obtained individuality by insurrection, refuses, through its southern mouth-pieces, to extend the hand of commonality to its sable brethren, for the very excellent reason that they achieved their freedom in the same way. Admirable logistics!

HINTS FOR THE YOUNG.

ON a subject relating to the *HEALTH OF BODY AND MIND*. Second Edition, Improved and Enlarged.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the *Annals of Education*.

In consenting to the publication of this little manual Dr. Woodward has rendered a great public service. The work which he alludes to, is in reality a series of instructions and exercises which he has composed himself. "Thousands believe, or imagine, that Mr. Graham and others, have either unintentionally or by design, exaggerated it. We hope the work before us will serve to convince—'if such can do it'—the most skeptical, that it is high time to understand the matter as it is, and to take such measures in reference to its prevention as the nature of the case and the circumstances may admit.

From the *Boston Recorder*.

It is something more than fastidious of taste, would that it were anything short of vitiated moral feeling; that condemns the efforts of philanthropic societies to expose the evils of the most malignant disease in the world, that it is to be named, "vice." And yet, in the rising generation against that it cannot be indulged even in a small degree, without imminent hazard to every personal interest. This unprenting trait is evidently the work of a master, a physician well skilled in the science of his profession: and a sincere friend to the youth of his country. It deserves and merits a wide circulation amongst parents, teachers and youth, so that it may prove a *PREVENTIVE* as well as a *CURE*, to a wide spread and exceedingly injurious evil to the young.

The *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*.

WE have recently published from our Journal a small treasure of sixty pages, entitled "Hints to the young, on a subject relating to the *HEALTH OF THE BODY AND MIND*, with additions by the author." At the time the chapters appeared in our pages, they were extensively circulated and read with interest by the profession.

The object of collecting the whole into a compact pamphlet form, is that the most valuable parts may be easily read, and widely diffused among the various classes of the community.

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